

Shapes of Things



Dedicated to Angela A. Rapkin

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Call Me a Writer

— Angela Rodd

Here in someday park

I smell the green of pine

As time just skips by.

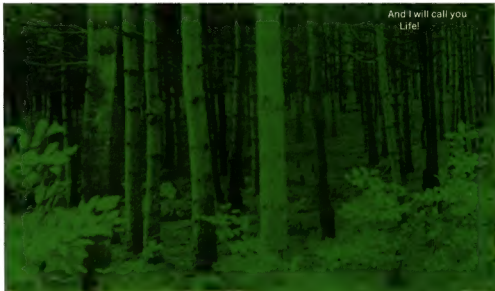
Call me a writer,

If you must.

Call me an ass,

If you will.

And I will call you
Life!



One Of A Kind

In a crowd of many
Is there one? if any
Who knows my mind
My personal possession
One of a kind.

My personal possession
Which I will explore
Till I find its direction
No one should mind.

If you feel offended
Look at yourself
And you will find
That you too, are
One of a kind.

EDGAR ALLEN III

To Search The Past: To Realize The Future

I look over my shoulder
And there I see
The boy I once was
And the man he meant to be.

I remember him well
The boy I once was
I remember the man
That he dreamed he would be.

But now, all the dreams are forgotten
By the boy, and yes, by me.
For I'm just not the man
That he dreamed he would be.

EDGAR ALLEN III

A Death In A Ditch

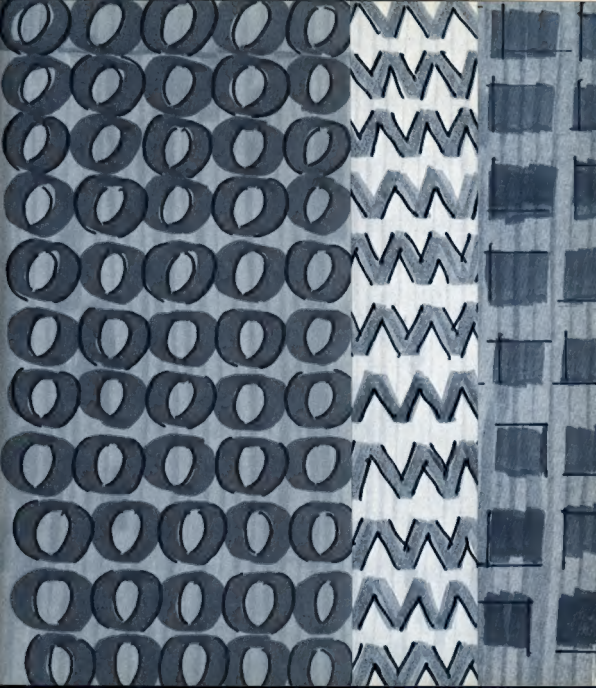
I wonder if I am to
really
die
For something I don't
really
believe in

And if my last word
On earth
Will be,
Why?

And then
I die
With the last word,
Why
Still on my lips.

And my finger tips
pointed to a V.

Edgar Allen III



Eve

Knowing for a few short
Moments,
That I have made someone or
Something happy

I begin to laugh.
I have nothing to give
But my poems,
And my small way of thinking.

I offer you these!

Hearing you laugh
My head is mind.
Life is yours for the making!

Life was mine, for the
Moment.
The Quest
Is Ours!

Angela Rodd

Simplicity

Darkness is undefined simplicity.
The various shades of light/darkness
Are complicated simplicity,
Or merely complication.
Light is defined simplicity.

The complicated mind of the human being
Can see no light, no darkness.
It can only perceive, the many shades,
Of light/darkness.

Life is complicated simplicity.
Utopia is simplicity simplicified.

John Romei



Pardon By Proxy

Words flow slowly.
So slowly,
Barely discernible from infinity.
Hesitation invades the mind, which in turn operates the body.

Existence is here indecisive.

The roar of the freeway car; the smell of love overdone;
Leaky shower faucet drops, following each other to the motherland
by way of
Synthetic sewers; the flavor of passion lingering, living,
regenerating;
The smog awaiting a new dawn, the body, immersed in ambiguity,
awaiting an old but unknown pardon.

That I may live again, I die today. Could I stay?
Nay. A price impossible to pay.

A moment never forgotten.

At last,

A love with no bottom.

Tell of your truth.

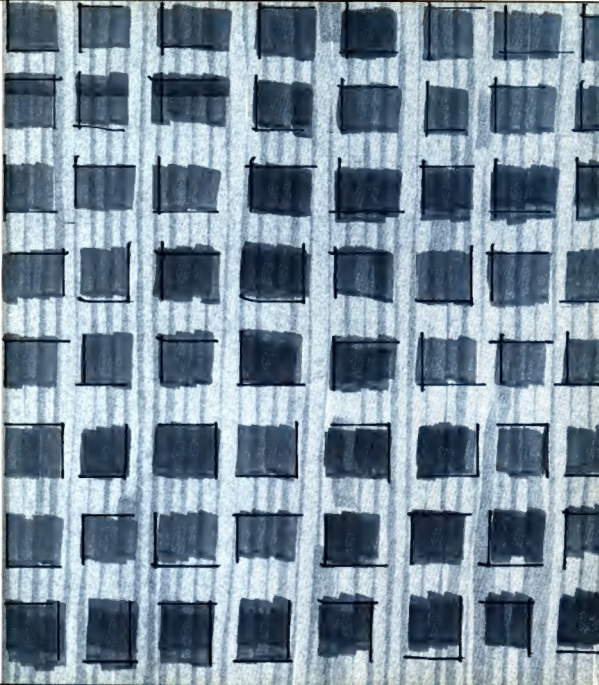
Peter Cocuzza

Something

"Comfort me with apples,
for I am sick of love."
Comfort me with words,
for I am torn by sensations.
Reach out to me with arms,
for eyes are but deception.
The reality of two is
half-born, half-wished, half-loved.

Angela A. Rapkin







A rational look at Astrology

by Donald Shaw

I recall very vividly the look on my twelfth grade physics teacher's face when I asked him whether Newton's law which states that "for every action there's an equal and opposite reaction" did not in some way help substantiate astrology. He looked very puzzled for a moment and with a slight frown on his face replied, "Well, I wouldn't want to say." I went on to state that we had just discussed (a few days earlier) the moon's influence upon the tides and how it attracts the waters of the earth. I added that I had read an article in the evening newspaper stating that the FBI had found a substantial increase in crime around the full moon and that many local police departments around the country increase their staff on nights of the full moon. My teacher said the information was interesting and that it was true, the timing of the tides was related to the individual quarters of the moon, but that he would not really want to say anything one way or the other concerning the truth in astrology.

I found his attitude puzzling. I was also a little bothered by his response to my question mainly because he was the kind of teacher that normally would tell a member of the class to perform an experiment or to investigate a subject in order to find out if there was truth in a statement. However for some reason he did not want to pursue this subject. I wondered then, as I do now, why couldn't we analyze astrology further? His policy of assigning a "research project" to any student who showed special interest in a subject had been abandoned. Is astrology off limits as a study in our schools? If so, why?

As I recall for the remainder of that day my mind remained stimulated by the fact that my teacher did not say astrology was a false or pseudo science. I believe I had expected him to say something to this effect but for him to imply that he did not know whether astrology was a true science or not was beyond my comprehension. I thought of the great admiration the class had for that teacher and what a great scientist we all thought he was. He had inspired us by showing his Masters degree which

he received after going back to college during the summer and on Saturdays. Yet with all that education he seemed uncertain about the validity of astrology. Surprised as I was at that time, I reasoned there could be a great deal of truth in the subject. This teacher's reluctance to discuss astrology even though it seemed to me to be relevant to physics and the laws of motion stimulated my interest in the subject even more. As I look back on that physics class, it occurs to me that it may have planted the seed that caused me to investigate the pseudo art of astrology. I never dreamed at the time that this would eventually lead me to, what I now expect to be, a life-long study of the oldest science known to man: astrology.

I started this extensive investigation by referring to the dictionary. I found that most dictionaries defined astrology as a "pseudo science" and so the basis for astronomy. This I found hard to accept because of the illogicality of a false science giving birth to astronomy, an exact science. As I began to probe deeper for the truth about astrology, I found an amazing wealth of knowledge and facts.

First let us look briefly at the history of astrology. I might start by pointing out that the civilization that developed near the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris had astrologers as its chief scientists. These same scientists are considered to be the fathers of geometry (witness the Great Pyramid of Cheops). The study of astrology can be traced back to all great civilizations. It was a dominant force on the Egyptians (3000 B.C.), Babylonians, Chaldeans and Mayans. Even the Greeks became heirs of much astrological knowledge of Persia, Egypt and Assyria. A textbook by Manilius, who lived in the time of Emperor Augustus Caesar, is evidence of Roman astrological practice. But we need not dwell in such ancient times. Astrology was practiced by five of the greatest scientists in modern history: Nicolaus Copernicus, Galileo Galilei, Tycho Brahe, Johannes Kepler and Sir Isaac Newton. Last, but not least, the late great psychiatrist Dr. Carl Jung admitted as late as 1947 that he used astrology in his practice.

Let us turn our attention from scientist to the public and see how it has responded to astrology. Within the last few decades astrology has attracted

so much attent on from the publ c that its present popularity could be termed nothing short of phenomenal. It has been estimated by author Ellen McCaffery that there is hardly a person of adult age in this country who has not read an astrologca magazine. The late Grant Lewi, who gave up his English literature post at Dartmouth College to practice astrology, made some very pertinent statements as editor of **Horoscope**, which has the largest circulation of any astrology magazine in the world. "Astrology is believed in by a lot of people who know practically nothing about it and is disbelieved in by even more who know absolutely nothing about it." It seems clear to me that both of these groups need to become informed on this subject. During the past summer a new show was introduced on television called "What's My Sign?" It dealt with the subject of astrology. What does all this tell us about astrology? Simply this: the public spends nearly a million dollars each year for magazines, horoscopes, and information sold under the name astrology. This ever increasing uninformed public is not being served by the academic community's indifference towards astrology.

In the interest of public opinion and in the interest of truth isn't it time for our institutions of learning to remove the mystery from astrology and investigate this subject thoroughly and objectively. If it is a sham, shouldn't it be exposed by the scientific method? I would think that the public is entitled to this. However, if it is scientific and can be proven (as its many distinguished proponents claim) surely it can be put to better use than is now being done! Astrology certainly appears to be one of the most important fields for scientific research.

Let us look at some of astrology's scientific claims and see whether they could be proven or disproven by using the scientific method. A leading writer and spokesman for scientific astrology, Sydney Omarr, states this in his book **My World of Astrology**: "No longer must we fall into the trap of insisting that the planets cause events to occur, or cause people to respond the way they do. What we do claim is that there is a correspondence, a coincidence between the planetary patterns and mundane actions, reactions, events. It happens so often that it is a reliable indicator." Mr. Omarr also

states in this book: "There is much psychology involved in interpreting a horoscope. Without added psychological knowledge, the skilled astrologer loses much in his effort to help people." Leading astrologers also contend that many of scientific astrology's claims have been verified already, and this would seem to be a fact. Examples of this are the relationship between the Moon and the tides, the effects of the Full Moon on mentally deranged persons, the necessity of the Sun for continuance of life, and the effect of the planets on electromagnetically controlled forces in the earth. Most leading astrologers agree to the limited but significant research done by Dr. Jung as being very noteworthy in attempting to explain why astrology works. In a letter Dr. Jung sent in 1947 to B. V. Roman, one of India's outstanding astrologers, Jung states: "As a psychologist I am chiefly interested in the particular light the horoscope sheds on certain complications in the character. In cases of difficult psychological diagnosis I usually get a horoscope in order to have a further point of view from an entirely different angle. I must say that I have very often found that the astrological data elucidated certain points which I otherwise would have been unable to understand." (Published in **My World of Astrology** by Sydney Omarr, 1965.) At another time Dr. Jung declared, "Astrology would be a large scale example of synchronism, if it had at its disposal thoroughly tested findings. But at least there are some facts adequately tested and fortified by a wealth of statistics which make the astrological problem seem worthy of philosophical investigation." I think we can correctly say that astrology does seem to lend itself to scientific investigation and that it appears to be worthy of more attention from our educators.

In order to remain unbiased and in attempting to arrive at the truth about this subject, I must point out that there are many abusers of astrology who would like to quote here from **The New International Encyclopedia**: "The natural tendency of the ignorant and credulous to seek for insight into the future has allowed a multitude of quacks to trade upon the name of astrology and to give the impression that it is beneath contempt. Astrology lays no claim to absolute prediction of future events, undertaking merely to point out the direction which affairs are likely to take, other things being equal."

The Greatest Show On Earth

by Peter Cocuzza

The circus tent enfolds the entire globe within its bounds all humanity is contained. The sun begins to set and show time draws near as the masses prepare for a lifetime of entertainment. The show commences as millions of barkers simultaneously echo their greeting off the acoustics of the heavens.

Step right up folks the show is about to begin. We direct your attention to the center ring where we find that clown of clowns the Black man. As the flood lights whip to the center ring, the standing room only crowd cannot help but emit an almost hebephrenic fit of laughter at the mere sight of this funny, funny man.

One may inquire as to why this clown has met with so much success in his role of jackass of the jesters this is easily explained. He wants acceptance into the society in which he lives, thereby reaping its benefits, this is truly hysterical. He wants his humanity acknowledged, this is clearly a devil. And the fool is asking for one more thing, a hamburger to go with the works.

This Sambo Sad Sack wants to stand next to the white man, rather than behind him. Decent jobs, housing, educational facilities and adequate police protection are among his storehouse of spoofs. This clown with a carbon hue wants to be aware of

his ancestry in a world which places so much emphasis on lineage and tradition. He wants to look in his mirror, see black, and be proud of what he sees.

The paramount desire of this black buffoon is to procure a hamburger to go with the works. He wants this hamburger to be composed of the highest quality meats. He wants it cooked in such a fashion as not to make it overly rare so that its rawness might nauseate him, nor burnt to a crisp so that the tender juices are not surrendered in the cooking and lost to him forever. More than this, he wants it prepared with the works that is the onions, pickles, tomatoes and lettuce he has been forbidden for centuries. He wants the taste of these delicacies to linger in his mouth for all eternity. Most of all, he wants his hamburger to go. He wants to eat this meal himself. He needs no one to taste it for him, he wants no one to alter its size, shape or form, and he needs no audience to observe his eating habits.

A true comedian lives for the amusement of his audience so let us laugh, let us laugh hardy and long for this is one hell of a peculiar character in any case. Let us not sustain our laughter for fear of bursting. Let us laugh then, let us laugh ourselves directly into the center ring of tomorrow's show.



stand as the hardest of men without a troubled
mind of what tomorrow will bring for tomorrow
means nothing to me

By no way shall I share the element of greed by no
way shall I look down on others. By no way shall I
hate for I stand as the hardest of men

I care not for the affairs of that and or that world I
care not for that social world, I care not for that
business world

stand as the hardest of men, I care not for the sick
care not for the crying

Yes I stand as the hardest of men I stand as the
costliest of men I care not for the home which I have
I've in I care not for the money I have spent, for it
means nothing to me

Yes I care not for these things for I'm no longer a
part of them

Tomorrow I have no need of
Hate I have no cause for
Fear has passed by me
Money can not buy me Life

I care not for my home 'cause I have another
I care not for that world because I have one
I care not for that business world for my business
has ended

Love has passed my body
Sorrow is not what I need
Warmth of others? No, don't I have
For I have no warmth of my own

Yes to be the hardest of men you cannot be of that
world you must stand as dead And to be of that world
you must and will have

Love
Sorrow
Sickness
Hate
Greed
Pain
Fear
And
Life

I Stand

by Donyale (Stanley) Ryan

By no way shall you enter into this heart I have no
feeling for such organic things as love hate no
warmth for others pain or fear

I stand as the hardest of men I fear not the fearful
have no warmth for the warm pain is something
that do not endure





The Nightmare of the Dawn of the Day After Tomorrow!

by Jerry Chestnut

I awoke to the ever increasing noise outside my home, but I knew I was safe. I was safe as long as I stayed beneath the blankets. The blankets protected me; nothing could harm me while I remained beneath them. The entire world could be destroyed, but I would survive, yes, survive. Nothing could hurt me because I was beneath the blankets.

Abruptly, the noise stopped. Nothing. No sound. What had happened? I must find out if the world was still outside my door. I came from beneath the blankets. Still no sound. I crept over to the door. Still no sound. I opened the door; it was there! The world was still there. I ran out into the sunlight. I yelled. I cried. I laughed. I screamed because it was here! The world was here.

Silence dominated. OFF IN THE distance I COULD hear echoes. Strange, familiar echoes. THEY grew into noise. The noise evolved into a voice. THE VOICE SPOKE IN A TONGUE I COULD not understand. 'I can't understand.' I yelled.

Can you understand now? 'The voice boomed.

Yes,' I answered.

What are you? 'demanded the voice.

I am a man.

What are you called?

My name is Adam. Adam Everyman.

Where are you?

I am here.

Where? When?

Here. Now!

You survived, none were to survive. So, you must end.

No,' shouted.

Yes!' the voice thundered. 'Yes! Yes! Yes!

I ran through the streets. That's when I began noticing the bodies. They were stacked miles high. They were knee deep in the streets. They hung from windows. They floated in the air. Bodies. They were everywhere. Then I noticed some of the bodies were not! They were alive. They ran, they screamed.

they fought each other. The city was alive with bodies a sorts of bodies white, green, red black. Some had heads some had wight eggs some had no eyes. But they all ran and fought. Fought for what? They couldn't be saved they must end when the world ended.

The sky grew dark the earth began to tremble fire and smoke erupted from the ground. Many of the bodies fell to their knees and prayed. They prayed that they would be saved. But it was to no avail. I knew nothing could save them. But I would be saved! I, Adam Everyman, would live on, because I had the blankets. All I needed to do was reach my house and get beneath the blankets to survive.

I looked up at the sky there were men up there. They were big, no giant no massive, no titan! They were hurling bolts of lightning at the running screaming bodies below. Body after body vanished as the glowing bolts struck them. Many evaded just in time to save myself. The bolts caused great cracks in the earth. Thousands of bodies fell into cracks leaped over them.

Then I saw it — my home. I raced to it flung open the door and flew to my bedroom. There saw them, my blankets. I hurried myself beneath them and then there was quiet.

For centuries there was quiet. Then I awoke. Had I been dreaming was it all a nightmare? I lifted my head from beneath the blankets. This was my room, it was a cell, a cell covered with foam rubber a padded cell! But what was I doing here? I raced to the window, two madmen in white uniforms stood outside it. "Let me out!" yelled. They looked at me and began to curse and jeer. "Stop it!" I yelled. But they kept it up for years, day and night, and day. I almost lost my mind. That's when I realized that they were trying to make me go mad! I knew of one way to outwit them, and that was to get under my blankets. I got under my blankets and the curses and the jeers ended!

I let one eye come from beneath the blankets, the cell door was opened! I jumped from beneath my blankets and ran outside. The day was nice and sunny. I began running and jumping and leaping.

Then I noticed that the people around me were running but they looked scared. They were running for their lives. Why are you all running?" asked. But no one would stop. Why? screamed, "Why?" I grabbed a man whose head was that of a dog. "Why are you running," I screamed. We are being attacked, he said pointing to the horizon. My eyes followed his finger and saw mushroom clouds rising from the East. The man broke out of my grasp and went off running and screaming. Running to what? Screaming to whom? Nothing could save him, nothing could save mankind. Only I would be saved for only I had the blankets.

I heard the sound, looked up. A missile was hurtling toward me, must reach my blankets. It struck. I could hear Red and taste Yellow but I must reach my blankets. My head elongated, my eyes dissolved into spiraling wisps of gas, but I had to reach my blankets. My tongue turned to water, my teeth turned to radioactive ash, but my blankets. My fingers rotted, my hair turned to dust, blankets my only chance. My heart melted into a pool of gilded blood, my lungs caught fire, my blankets, if I could reach them. I began seeing out of my ears, hearing through my nose and smelling with the soles of my feet. Where were my blankets, where? This was it. This was Ragnarok! This was Judgment day! This was Götterdämmerung! This was the twilight of mankind, the sunset of Earth! My legs began to crumble into dirt, dissolve into mud, when I saw it. MY home! My blankets. Painfully I crawled toward my home. Each inch was an agony in itself. Slowly I dragged the remnants of my body towards my blankets. Eons passed and still I struggled onward. Then I reached the blankets, pulled them over me and I was whole again!

I awoke in a sweat. I was only having a nightmare. I threw the blankets off of me and went to the door of my room. I opened the door. There was a long dark tunnel in front of me. I turned back into the room, but it was gone. Behind me the tunnel stretched on for endless miles. I began walking and walking and walking. There was a dim light in front of me, it began to grow bigger and bigger. I struggled with myself to recall where I had seen that light. But I could not recall it grew bigger and bigger! Then I knew it was a train's light, and it was

bearing down on me

I turned and ran. Ran for my life if only I had my blankets. Where were they, please somebody tell me where were they. I turned the train was so close I could see its face. It was grinding — showing rows of filed teeth dripping with blood, dripping with the nectar of life. Then it was upon me. I felt it begin to grind my body to a gorey pulp. The awful teeth ground into me and drank my blood, lapping up my life. I screamed!

I opened my eyes. I was under my blankets. A nightmare, that was all. It was a nightmare within a nightmare. I raised my head from under the blankets. I wasn't in my room. I was in the open air falling! I was falling from miles high. I was hurtling through the sky like some latter day Apollo. But unlike Apollo I had no control over my fall. I was going to my death. As I fell through the sky I looked around. Children were falling a so many millions of children, billions of children. As I fell past them they tried to grab me. I couldn't let them touch me. I shrunk from their touch. But still I fell toward the surface far below. My blankets, where were they? Blankets, what did I need without blankets. This couldn't be happening. It had to be a nightmare. So I yanked raised my hand to pinch myself. I had to awake. This couldn't be happening. Slowly my fingers closed on the flesh of my arm, slowly I exerted pressure. I was beginning to feel, to hurt, and then died! I struck the ground with the force of a comet. My very substance merged with the earth. A great crater formed where I struck, water filled the crater soaking my body substance. I was dead, dead, could no longer see, no longer feel, no longer hear, no longer taste, no longer smell, no longer.

I awoke. I was beneath my blankets, it was all a nightmare! Or was it? My hair was wet and my hands felt slimy like blood was on them. I started to yank the blankets off of me to prove it was a nightmare. But I couldn't. I was afraid. How could I be sure I'm not a part of someone else's nightmare? how, how, how?

Still I lay beneath my blankets for these many years. Still dare not yank them off for fear of what I may discover. Am I mad? Am I sane? Is there a world on the other side of my blankets? One day I

will yank my blankets off and I will find out it's The Day after Tomorrow. The Dawn of the Day after Tomorrow. The Nightmare of the Dawn of the Day after Tomorrow!

Greet The Coming

by Bill Acken

Greet the coming of the dawn

Morning light!

What a tantalizing future that the light of morn foretells

Of the fascinating gift of love inside my breast that wells

Growing brighter, brighter, brighter as the early mists gone

Changing form, growing larger, to a kind of happy dawn

Of delight

How I greet the coming day with a grace of dismay

Knowing that I can't forestall dreaming's ever growing call

With a loud exhortation for the beating not to start

Wild and frantic palpitation ever rising in my heart

Leaping higher, higher, higher

Never knowing how to tire

Is the scintillating fire

Of heart's desperate desire

For the sky

On the future! How it tells

Of the rapture that impels

That the clamor and the roar

In my bosom shall outpour

Filled!



"I am I"

Handless playbills, mouthless gum wrappers
Toothless candy boxes and eyeless opera g asses
Remain only of the audience that was
The theater stands qu et before me,
Invit ng my questioning entrance
A ha I, charged w th what was
Frightened by what is to come
Echoes of eft over vo ces
Stra ns poised in potential

"Someth ng happened here!" I yelled
"I am I," he sang, once
S multaneous sounds of psychic searching
The air became st l
Though not in rest
In defeat
And Collapse

" am I" bounced forth
The dea ist The foo
He d been heard He d been known
But they left h m here
They did not br ng h m home in the car,
Out to the bridge

Back to the hotel
They left h m to linger in fantasy

am I he begged
Hidden n jest
Disgu sed by metaphor
Wasn t it good ?
So inspir ng "
They heard and they knew
And they left
him
behind
smothered in love
paying to echoes
of slapping hands
Ange a A Rapkin





I Didn't Notice

Donyale (stanley) Ryan

Two little fellows
Playing by the brook
One little boy
Dropped his school books

The other little fellow
Looking down with a thoughtful look
Ran down to help this boy
Gather up his books

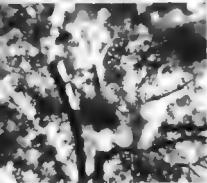
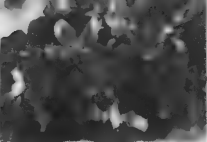
Each a little fellow
But of a different creed
Both finding a friendship
In those seconds of need

As the darkness grew near
They gathered up their books
Each felt his own fear
For home they left that brook

The little fellow
Who had dropped his books
Told his mother
Of the friendship by the brook

What cried his mother
You dropped your books
And you say a little fellow
With a thoughtful look
Ran down to help gather those books?

What color was he
Who helped you by the brook?
"I'm sorry mommy," he replied
"I forgot to look."



Blossomed
in white
the sad flower tear
for color lost.
Oh! Sad the lonely

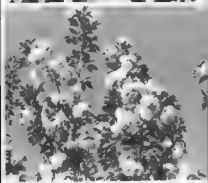
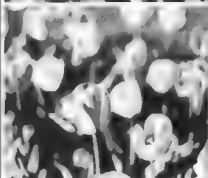
2
Burrowed
in earth
he hid from noise
until the great
quake shook his pride loose

3
A flake
frozen fast to the
beak of a bird.
Oh! To see it melting

4
Gray
and nebulous
man walls.
Proud
and dignified
he orbits the earth

5
Green
and innocent
man starts.
Golden
ambitious
he makes his world his own

Angela A. Rapkin



Your Ol' Man is Dead

by Mike Shuhua

Robbie Munk awoke and looked around him. Before his eyes was the dingy three room apartment he rented for ninety dollars a month. His bedroom was small and dirty. A mirrorless dresser dominated the dark dank room. There was no closet that had been converted into the apartment's toilet. Newspaper carpeted the unvarnished floor which was littered with a copy of a black militant newspaper. The unpainted walls added to the melancholy atmosphere as his Sunday suit and hat hung there lifelessly.

He stopped from the frayed bed clothes, out of the bedroom and into the wallpapered living room. The warped linoleum cracked under his weight as he made his way to the four by seven kitchen. The flowered paper was soiled, faded and torn. The yellowed room was furnished with a dusty sofa and chair. Between the two front windows hung a "No Parking" sign. In the corner between the sofa and wall lay his weapon: a war surplus Italian carbine. Next to his rifle lay the rifle of Billy, his cousin, who introduced Robbie into the militant movement.

He stopped and stepped up to the front window. Carefully, he studied the street below strewn with glass, clothes, broken radios, televisions, it showed the results of a long, hectic night of looting, fire-bombing and sniping.

The tiled floor was cold to his feet. The sun was up but the kitchen stayed dark: the walls black with grease because of the absence of a window or vent pipe. The sink was cracked. Torn up floor and unplastered walls didn't bother Robbie because he was happy, happy to be alive. He reached into the ice box and grabbed his prize. He took a can from the case, opened it. The beer was cold and good.

Back at the living room windows, he looked at the litter covered street. Glancing again and again at his aching hand, he thought, of the cops that were patrolling the avenue. "Them screws are gonna get it tonight 'm shootin' them no good so and so right

between their damn eyes. Where'd that one get off callin' me a no good black barbarian. An' the one that banged me in the hand with his damn rifle me an' my brothers. We'll make 'em pay, with their lives.

He tossed his empty beer can into a corner and got dressed. From the scratched dresser he took his "uniform." Dressed in a wrinkled black shirt and pants, he viewed the effects of the black man's revenge on the honky white.

He slammed the apartment's door behind him and bounced happily down the old wooden steps to the street. He carelessly kicked some broken glass out of his path, then suddenly stopped. He laughed. To him the rubble covered avenue was a joke. People were running here and there like they were without care, fishing through the debris for something valuable. The scene was one of utter confusion.

The National Guards' jeeps made it look like a history book scene from World War II. The screaming sirens of police meant nothing to the Black man on the street. Up and down the avenue the cry "Hat Police" was ignored by all young and old.

A cheerful carnival spirit prevailed. Responsible adults just stood by and laughed. A sense of pride filled Robbie because to him and his black brothers, they were on top. To them the white man meant nothing right now. He was there to keep order, but he was outnumbered. For the first time in three hundred years the Black man was on top. They burned baby. Burned! They ooted, baby. Looted! The "Sou Brother" was king of Springfield Avenue.

Down Springfield Avenue Robbie walked past a looted liquor store, past a fire-bombed furniture store, and past three soldiers guarding a partially looted clothing store. Everyone said he looted everything and anyone on the street for a while were "brothers" in spirit and cause.

Further down the street he walked passing the ooted stores, the weary police, and the happy people.



On Waverly Avenue and Springfield Robbie joined a crowd of heckling Backs, seeing a group of guardsmen.

"Look at 'em baby. Look at 'em, they's a lwhite."

"Hey mister sergeant, can I pay soldier?"

The crowd became larger and larger. The sergeant of the guard asked the crowd to disperse, but was only met with more laughter and cheering.

"They's on y toy soldiers."

"Hey baby, who se ya gonna beat tonight?"

A bottle was thrown. Another bottle and a rock was tossed at the guard. The troop marched up to the curb and started to disperse the mad crowd. Another rock was thrown and Robbie found himself in a wild melee.

Robbie fled down the avenue like a scared rabbit. Then from nowhere appeared a state policeman with a rifle. He ordered Robbie to stop. Robbie scared, kept on running. The policeman rammed the rifle butt into his gut. Robbie kept on running. Into an alley he ran, leaving the state trooper running down another disorderly person.

Safe for the moment, safe among the garbage rats, and rot, Robbie stood there half dazed as he watched the street turn to an uneasy calm. Coughing heavily, he stood there bewildered, not believing what had happened. His sore stomach was real. His coughing and panting was real. It was all real.

"Dad, I'm gettin' 'em for ya. All of 'em," he said crying as he pounded his fist against the alley's dirty wall. "Me an' Billy an' an' everybody is gonna get 'em for ya Pa."

Robbie was born down South. His father died while he was young. His father was killed by a stray police bullet. Robbie, on y seven, did not understand the accident. Blindly hated peace officers afterwards. About ten years later his mother died trying to support her two boys. Robbie had a ways loved his mother while his brother hated her. Robbie wouldn't accept the fact that she was gone forever. John, his brother, later showed his hatred of her by passing a low remark. Robbie at that moment went mad as everything snapped in his mind. He turned and started beating his own brother. The owner of the store that they were in called the po-

lice. When they arrived, Robbie was still beating on him. A policeman clubbed him on the back of the neck. Robbie laid motionless on the floor, bleeding. Robbie laid there dazed and crying for his mother and father. He vowed to get revenge for his father, mother, and the scar on the back of his neck.

"Gotta find Billy, gotta find him. Where in hell's name would he be? Where, where's he?" Robbie said with his mind blank as he ran from the alley. "Billy, Gotta find 'im. I'll go to his house. Yeah, I'll go to his house. We'll get 'em for ya Pa. Jest for you."

Robbie walked at a fast pace and stared at the faces of everyone on the street. He stared at little children, men, women, police, and guardsmen expecting to find his cousin. Through one of hundreds of dirty back alleys he went. He knocked over a can and fell. He got up and kept on running. He had to find Billy. His whole world depended on it, but now he was lost in a maze of dirty back alleys and streets.

He spotted a patrol car coming up the narrow street. "Cops!" he yelled and ran in the opposite direction. The officers saw him and ordered him to stop. He stood there shaking and frightened. "Where ya goin' buddy?" asked one of the tired men.

"I'm goin' to my cousin's house," Robbie said, trembling.

"Where's that?"

"It's on South Orange."

"Where ya comin' from?"

"My house."

"Now where's that?"

"It's over there, on Springfield."

The officer took a long look into Robbie's brown eyes. He looked deeper and saw that Robbie was trying to hide something but he couldn't see what. "Why are ya running?"

"Gotta find Billy," answered Robbie from his strange fantasy world.

"That's no answer boy. Masking you again, why or what are ya running from?"

"No thing, sir. Er, eh, I mean nuthin', sir," Robbie said, trembling with fear.

His shaking became so violent that it was apparent to everyone milling around. His body became

cold and clammy, sweat poured from a l parts of his body and now tears fr led his eyes

The man with the badge stud ed the nervous and sweat ng body and once aga n he tried to th nk of what Robb e might be hid ng

Put your hands on the car mister ' the officer commanded The smal crowd moved in c oser and started mumbl ng Another officer stepping from the car orderd pointing his shotgun at the mum bl ng crowd, Step back people Anyone who lays a hand on the officer s gonna gt it

The questioning officer started to fr sk the shak ng and now frai body of Robbie 'Do ya have any ident fication' he asked

My name s Robb e Munk
Do you have any proof of that
n my wal et
Don t pay games with me If it was up to me I'd
s not a you 'Whe rd did ya say ya lived?

Ov'r on Springfield
Can ya prove t?
My proof s n my wal et I said
Listen you don t answer me I ke that I know
what ya said and I said don't play games You don t
have a wal et on ya ' the officer shouted The po

ceman's face grew redder and redder with anger
Let's go Get in the damn car we re gonna see what
your runnin' from

By th s time the crowd had moved in closer The
mumbl ng had turned nto an uproar The mob was
tense anger cou d be seen burn ng in their eyes
one wrong move and the question ng off cer would
be at the mercy of a m ndless mob

Robbie slowly took h s hands from the roof of the
car ' Gimme your hand The handcuffs clicked
and an air of uneasy s rence fell over the tense mob

Attent on Attent on! Al state police and city po
ice units n the area of Springfield, Jones and Be
mont proceed there w th extreme caut on, sn p ng
reported from top of l quor store Wi l repeat al
units of state and city police proceed to Spr ngfie d
Jones and Be mont with extreme caution Confirm
Over ' cracked the patrol car s rad o

A r ght buddy you re lucky have ta go now but
f I catch you here again your ass s dead Now get
the hel out of my sight Robbie turned and tore his
way through the wal of peop e Again he ran ike a
rabb t down the narrow unkempt s de streets



When he finally found Billy, he was incoherent. Billy soothed him and quieted him, and Robbie was then able to speak. "That's better. Tell me what happened now." Billy asked. Robbie started with last night and how he heard the commotion on the street and went down. He told Billy how all the people were running all over breaking windows, burning stores, and looting the rest. He went on and told his cousin about his friend Ruby, and how together they looted a liquor store. Billy listened as Robbie told him that Ruby took some quarts and he grabbed two cases of beer. Billy asked what the cops were doing and Robbie told him that one cop smashed Ruby's quarts and then arrested him. Robbie recalled he ran to hide in an alleyway near his house. He said that he ran from the alley with a case under each arm. He finally reached his doorway and as he put one case in the hall, a trooper smashed his rifle butt into his hand. He told Billy that he was lucky he didn't get shot by the same trooper.

He went on to tell him what happened on the way to his house. He recounted the fight with the guardsmen, the trooper jamming the gun butt into his gut, and how he was stopped by the police on that dirty side street.

"You've been through a lot. Here take a drink," he said handing Robbie a bottle.

Robbie drank it fast. He put the bottle down and started coughing hard. A most choking he said. "We're gonna get 'em, B. I, we're gonna get 'em all tonight. We'll shoot 'em all. The three of us—yeah, the three of us."

Billy changed and the two left. Once again Robbie was on the riot-torn streets of Newark, a city which he hated. This time it was different though because Billy was there.

It was late afternoon now as the guided pair walked through the slum area. Heavy clouds fell over the city; they seemed to paint everything gray. The air was filled with the stench of gunfire, smoke from burning buildings and rubbish fires started by the residents of the frenzied ghetto. The police and guardsmen slowly walked up and down the rubble-strewn street cautiously eyeing the old tenements, looted and fire-gutted stores. There were only a few people on the street now, hustling along about their business.

The two men quickly and silently hurried along.



towards Robbie's apartment over the same streets by which he had come. They walked past the same stores kicking the glass, avoiding the torn-down grates, the crushed boxes.

Suddenly a store up the street burst into flames. Sirens came screaming from all directions. The police, near the store, began firing wildly at the fire-bomber as he ran from the scene. Fire engines, more police cars and jeeps were arriving from all directions now. People began to pour into the street to complicate the police's actions.

'We got 'em,' yelled a police officer.

Who they got? cried some of the people.

Look over there, others called.

Two policemen emerged from around a corner with their fire-bomber handcuffed. He was hustled into one of the patrol cars.

Sparks flew everywhere as the flames grew more intense. The firemen and police were yelling and pushing people out of their way. Soon the spectators retreated to their windows and doors to watch the blaze.

Let's keep movin' Rob, Billy said.

Robbie stood there bewildered and dazed by the flames. It seemed that they fascinated him.

'Let's keep movin' Robbie. Com' on boy, what's the matter with ya anyway?'

'Yeah, yeah, yeah anything ya say, Billy.' Robbie answered as he was gazing back at the orange flames.

Finally they reached Robbie's shabby two-story tenement. They went up the stairs and entered the apartment's living room.

Take a seat, Billy, while I getcha a can o' beer,' Thanks Rob.'

The cousins sat in the yellowed living room and talked. They talked of old times. Robbie spoke of the good times he had had down South and of the first days he was up North. They talked about when they were in school. They talked of the girls they used to take out and the guys they hung with at one time. The pair talked for hours until it was dark and late.

'Yeah, Billy, I use ta like them days,' Robbie paused. 'Well let's go, baby.'

Billy's gently got off the couch and picked up his gun. He checked it over and put a full clip into the magazine. Robbie had his gun already loaded and ready.

'We gonna git 'em now, hey Billy.'

'You'd better believe it, baby,' Billy agreed.

Robbie knelt in the corner by the right front window and spread about five clips on a rag on the floor in front of him. Billy, at the left window, neatly arranged his clips on the warped linoleum.

Robbie turned out the lights and returned to his post. He kept peeping anxiously at the brightly lit avenue.

'See that so-dier ov'r on the corner next ta Harry's?'

'Yeah,' answered Billy.

That so-dier is gonna git it. How 'bout you takin' the one by the street lamp, Billy?'

OK, baby. On the count of three. Ready? One, two, three!'

They both fired at the targets on the street below. Billy's bullet hit the lamp post and ricocheted off. Robbie's embedded itself in the street at the guardsman's feet. The two shots sent the police and guardsmen scurrying for cover in all directions.

Sniper!

At once a volley of shots went up in all directions.

'Baby, they's don't know where we's at,' Robbie laughed.

Robbie joyfully fired two more shots, wounding the cops. 'Them fuzz ain't worth a damn dime ta me. We're gettin' 'em, Billy.

Yeah, baby, yer doin' OK.

Billy fired again and smashed the cherry on a police car.

'Where in hell's name's that dirty fink?'

'Over there, in the brown brick.'

Another volley of shots went up this time at a building.

They's dumb. Them stupid honky cops don't know where the hell we's at,' Robbie said, crying with joy.

Keep it cool, will ya, Rob. Ya don't want 'em ta find us? Do ya?'

'No, baby, no. They's ain't never gonna git us. Right Pa?'

Robbie looked at the street like a king surveying his subjects. Look at 'em, they's all on their

knees bowin' ta me. Robert Munk, he laughed. Robbie raised his rifle and fired the last two shells in his first clip. One of the slugs hit a street lamp and sent glass showering onto the law officers.

"Fire at anything that moves," someone ordered. Shots went up in all directions and at all windows. "Luck's with us," Robbie said proudly. "Because they ain't hit us, and they ain't gonna." Billy looked and waited till the firing was over. He picked a target and fired. There he is!

All he broke loose on the two snipers. The police's slugs ripped their way through the walls and floor; the window sash was smashed into splinters as glass and other debris flew all over the room.

The firing stopped. About five minutes later Robbie and Billy listened as a voice on a bull horn commanded, "Drop your guns from the window. We have the place surrounded. You have five minutes to come out or we'll smoke you out."

Robbie reloaded and answered the police's order. Two wildly placed shots screamed across the cobblestoned street. Again hell broke loose. Hundreds and hundreds of small arms fire went up towards the apartment.

Pieces of plaster, wood, linoleum, and glass lay all over the pair and the apartment. The last volley of shots ripped the shades from the windows, the "No Parking" sign was torn off the wall.

"Robbie, listen ta me. Let's make a break out the back. We can't win here."

What the hell do ya mean B? We gonna run? We gotta stay and fight. Fight them damn honkes.

We can't win, com on. Let's go git the hell outta here, baby.

"I ain't goin' if you don't stay, me an' Pa. I git em."

"Listen you stupid baby, you're ol' man is dead. Dead?" he paused. "Whatcha mean dead? He's right here. Hey pa, te. Billy boy, you're here ta help," he paused to listen.

Hear em Bill?

"You an' yer dead ol' man. I know yer outta yer head. Com' on, let's git out before we get ourseves killed."

"We're gonna fight this out. Don't go near that

damn door." Robbie said as he fired at his back.

Billy groaned and fell dead to the floor.

"Now pick yer gun up and give 'em hell."

Robbie turned and fired the last of his clip at the street.

The police returned the fire. Again the shells went ripping the second floor apart.

"No, no, no, no, no! You can't fire back. Hear me?" Robbie screamed.

Billy com' on. Billy. Bill. Billy. "he screamed again.

Billy stop this foolin' round. I know my ol' man is dead. Billy blood. Billy dead.

They killed my cousin. Them cops killed my cousin. I'm killin' 'em all," he said as he picked up the empty rifle.

Again Robbie fired at the street but this time with an unloaded gun.

"I ain't got no more ammo," he cried as he threw his rifle into the street.

Robbie then dashed for the door. He yanked it open and headed down the stairs. When he was about half-way down, a helmeted state policeman entered the hallway.

"Hold it, Police," ordered the officer.

"No, no, no," yelled Robbie as he turned to run the other way towards the back of the building.

The officer fired and Robbie was hit in the shoulder. He tumbled to the floor.

Good. No, no, no," he cried in agony.

"Alright, hold it on the floor there," the trooper ordered.

"No ya ain't gonna git me never," Robbie said as he threw a milk bottle at the officer. Robbie got up out of his pool of blood, stumbled and fell against the wall.

"Stop!" commanded the officer as Robbie was going on.

He fired again and missed. He shot again at his stubborn target. The bullet smashed into Robbie's back sending a stream of blood over the hallway.

Robbie slid slowly down off the bloodied wall. He looked at the officer and then stared blankly at the ceiling. Dying, he cried, "I, I, I tried pa. I really did, me Billy an' an ev."



Tisha

As I close my eyes , I
 can see so much
 Beauty in total darkness
Hearing one sound that
 makes me want to
 cry I stop then start
All over again ' As
 close my eyes
 die

Angela Rodd



Oh But A Lonesome Place
Oh, Wow the View From My Window
Bringing In The Crab Eternally
How Restfully They Sleep On The Shore
Deep And Down Into The Sand
And Feel A Lonesome Place

Down Dark Dilated Bring In The Moon
With Its Eye And Hand
A Surrealistic Time Piece
Oh, But The Moon Has No Time For Time!

Concrete were The Colours
That Surrounded Eye, And My Girl Child Linda
Like Turtles Of The Shell Empty
For We Were Like Turtles
Rocks That Live In This Grey World

We Moaned And Cried
In Hope, In Faith In Calling
For Isn't Faith A Wonder And Surprise
Beaming Through Out All Souls
Our Calling Got Louder
Our Weeping Revolved Into Laughter
But Moaning And Weeping Inside
Like A Clam Help In A Rock
In Hope, In Faith In Calling
That This Morning Will Bring A Sun Rise

We Needed Colour, Colour So Rich
That The Sun Would Give Us A Spark of God
That Burning Light That Glows
Eternally, Living And Spiritual Forever

Anthony A. Bono

Headlights continue to pass unknowingly
and a stale dew has ruptured fog
between bodies and thoughts
an elevator covets through our lives
separating the crowd
to embitter this empty anxiety
and nothing is found
but so much of it lost

While my friend pants another bade
the man in the moon comes home
to place a wreath at the grave
of a fellow soldier
and another dies to show all he is not a boy

As the sacred city freezes over
old men squabble about the table
and disregarded youth lay beneath

A compacent cat hisses
at the distant hungry child
and we eat more grapes
so Chicago's shall emerge and be enriched

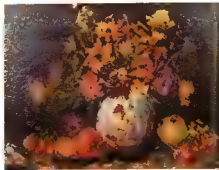
The man in the purple ye low robe
asks for another dime
while naive guards close doors to those unknown
and many think they buy death
as they live in rot
still they put on a most colorful show
and tempt my fears of dust and now

Driving to work their thoughts now coil de
to escape that to which they gave birth
and the wrong is right uptown
but here a woman must sell her dress
to steal a smaller coat,
and the aged suffering man
caresses the gutter floor
as creative ones surrender their minds
to the hopeless teller
who spends his days
watching a poisonous tube

Dennis Morris



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



- 1 Stephen Field
- 2 Henry Felt
- 3 Diane Kwasch
- 4 Henry Felt
- 5 Cheryl Lane

- 6 Marvin Harris
- 7 Andrew Longo
- 8 James Monroe
- 9 Henry Felt

Error

Angel A. Rapkin

There is an error somewhere
Maybe God made it
Something's wrong
Not right
It's Man
He's wrong
Endless yin-yang
A middle link
For the greater good?

There is an error somewhere
Maybe man made it
First sin
Worst sin
Cosmic pride
It disrupted the order of the universe
How dare he do that
Stupid man
Now suffer

There is an error somewhere
Daedalus did it he had wax wings
Suffering tragic flight
Oedipus did it he had to see pride
Suffering blindness
Prometheus did it he felt pity
Pain great pain
Man did it he peeked at perfect on
Now he can never accept less
Lord of all things
Fight
Assume not God to be
The realistic role of Man is love
Before love knowledge
Before knowledge scale study search!
Sweet And End in Man God

An Air

In the afternoon, the traffic time,
The prosaic time, the ticking time,
I hurried hazily through the air
The air of little consciousness.

into my kitchen my brother came,
Tired he came, alive with thoughts of his game,
His golf game, a bad game, an early game,
Played in the air of his life.

Little I gave to his presence,
His profound presence, his physical presence,
Little I saw of him there in my air
The air of nebulous awareness.

Anxious was he —
Hurried was I —
Did we speak?
Did we listen?
Did we meet?
Did we touch?

Off I ran in the traffic time
Taken by nothing but something,
In the quiet and peace of the engine's sound
It occurred to me — fear over-awed.

If I never saw brother again in his life,
If I never could return to the prosaic,
Did we speak?
Did we touch?
Had I seen?
Was the air of mental love?

Or did I rush and waste the time —
The very breath of life,
And would I cry for the ticked-out day,
The day I let get by.

by Angela A. Rapkin





The Impending Storm

by Peter Cocuzza

The sky becomes overcast and the clouds begin to assume a grayish tint as the hush of an impending storm creates an aura of super-natural majesty which completely embellishes all perception. The prominence of an increasingly troublesome wind is made evident by the static sound of clapping leaves and the cymbal-like resonance of street signs hurdling to and fro in a manner resembling that of a disjointed pendulum. Debris emanating from the deserted streets (which usually play host to throngs on their hurried and careless way from one point to another) is being swept aloft indiscriminantly, forming whirlpools of abandoned articles obeying the dictates of the ever-unheeding wisp of the wind. The glass doors and windows of the now isolated business district tremmer before the unbending gusts of wind now being heaved by the heavens. The staccato creaking of tree branches join in signaling cloudburst.

It matters not what street the man walks on, nor does it matter in what direction he is walking; for the reality of the impending storm is unalterable. Knowing this, the man (complaisant in his subordination to the heavens) walks in a slow repetitious fashion with his eyes afixed, in a zombie-like manner, on some specific and unseeable object which is dangling in mid-air before his eyes, suggesting that the natural laws of gravitation have no authority whatsoever over this by-product of the psyche. The man's mind now begins to embark on a journey through the twisted, overlapping mazes of synthetic thought. He wonders how it is that rain falls to the ground and not in some other direction. The man wonders how it is that he lives, but leaves that question behind and continues his introspective interrogation with another question which he feels much more pertinent: that is, what life actually is. Rain begins to fall, and the man runs to the shelter of a nearby storefront; only to find when he arrives that he is dead.

Shapes of Things

As the embodiment of our aesthetic philosophy, the title of the Essex County College literary magazine identifies the works within. The poems — shaped by images, meter, rhyme, and metaphor; the essays — shaped by prose styles, research, and structure; the art work — shaped by the hand and tools of the artist; and the photography — shaped by the eye of the photographer are the realizations of ideas and emotions which cry out to be formed, to be articulated, to be communicated. And so, the magazine includes the shapes of emotions tempered by intellect and created out of discipline. From these shapes, the reader might learn; for one may study the shapes of things in order that he might know them as they are; and one may study the shapes of things today in order to comprehend their evolution from the past and their development in the future. Indeed, one need but look to see the shape of Man.

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